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HAMILTON, ONT.

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SOUVENIR BOOK
AND PROGRAM

The editors
Minnie J. Nisbet
Gen. Sec. W. H. C.



Ye Pioneers OF One Hundred Years Ago

AN ENTERTAINMENT
GIVEN UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE

WOMEN'S WENTWORTH HISTORICAL SOCIETY



HAMILTON, ONT.

April Sixteenth to Twenty-first, Nineteen Hundred

EDITED AND COMPILED BY MISS MINNIE JEAN NISBET

136681

Officers of the Women's Wentworth Historical Society.

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TRUSTEES OF STONEY CREEK PARK.

WILLIAM HENDRIE, Esq. JOHN CALDER, Esq.
A. T. WOOD, Esq., M. P.

INTRODUCTION.

PATRIOTISM is the ruling theme at the present time, therefore the members of the Women's Wentworth Historical Society hope the citizens of Hamilton will be generous in their support of its patriotic endeavor. If it be true patriotism—as we are sure it is—to do honor to the soldiers who are fighting for our Queen, is it not just as true patriotism to do honor to the memory of the soldiers who fought for the liberty of Canada in 1813. Who can tell what the results would have been if Col. Harvey had not made that successful attack on the American forces at Stoney Creek? It is generally admitted that the Stoney Creek fight was the most important factor in the success of the British and Canadian forces in 1813. Therefore all Canada should be interested in the preservation of this historic house and ground, of which more particulars are given in this book. All Canada owes a debt of gratitude to Mrs. John Calder for her prompt and patriotic action in securing this property. She learned it was to be sold and divided up, and she purchased it without delay, becoming personally responsible for the \$1,900 charged for the house and four and one half acres of land. Later she secured many subscriptions from leading citizens, and one thousand dollars has been paid on the property. The men of Stoney Creek turned out in large numbers with their teams, and in a marvelously short time did wonders in improving and beautifying the grounds. The object of this entertainment is to raise money to pay off the balance of the money due on the property, which can easily be done if the citizens do their part in patronizing it. And they will receive far more than the value of the money they may spend. The merchants, florists, and many others have been most generous in their donations.

To the gentlemen who so kindly acceded to my request for papers to include in the souvenir pages, the society desires to ex-

Every Cup of BAIN'S Perfection Coffee means a Cup of Satisfaction.

press its thanks. Sir John Bourinot being so busy with literary work which must be finished at a given time, was unable to write anything new, but sent me the paper which he read before the Alumnae Association last October. For want of space I was obliged to give only part of it. Any one interested in Thomas Conant's article should read his "Upper Canada Sketches" for more information.

Our programme is incomplete, and many names of those taking part will not appear. Owing to the epidemic of measles changes in the different departments are constantly occurring, therefore it has been impossible to complete the list at the time of going to press.

Owing to various causes there has been a serious delay in going to press with this book. It is something for which no one is to blame, but is the result of a combination of unavoidable circumstances. Therefore, if mistakes appear, and undoubtedly they will, do not blame the printer. The work has to be done hurriedly at the last minute, with no chance for proper proof reading.

MINNIE JEAN NISBET.



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STONEY CREEK BATTLE FIELD.

BY MINNIE JEAN NISBET.

AS THE object of the present entertainment is to raise money to pay off the balance of the indebtedness on Stoney Creek battle field park, much interest has been aroused in this battle and the writer has received many requests to write some particulars of the engagement.

When General Vincent and his army retreated from Fort George, they marched along the road parallel to the Niagara River to St. David's and thence to Burlington Heights, May 27, 1813. The ground they occupied embraced the western part of what is now Hamilton Cemetery, and where the barricade thrown up by them still remains, the whole of Harvey Park and a portion of Dundurn Park. Although the position was a strong one they were in peril. They were within forty miles of the powerful United States army, and had only nineteen rounds of ammunition to each gun. General Dearborn saw the necessity for dislodging Vincent and Finn with their 3,500 men and eight or nine field pieces. Under command of Generals Winder and Chandler the Americans marched to Stoney Creek within seven miles of the British camp. Here they camped on the farm of the late James Gage. His father was killed in one of the early battles of the Revolutionary War when he was a small boy. His mother came to Canada with a party of U. E. Loyalists and received a grant of land in Stoney Creek, where the Gage homestead stood. Mr. Gage gave my father a description of the battle and drove him over the farm, pointing out the various localities connected with that time. The men were camped on the east side of the creek, part of the officers having their tents on the opposite side of the road. General Chandler and Winder, with some of the chief officers, were quartered in the Gage house. At that time it was a one story building and his store stood opposite, and was the only general store west of Niagara. It is still standing though only a shell now, and over the front door can be faintly seen the words "J. Gage's Store." While the American officers were there the family lived in the eastern end of the basement. Colonel Sir John Harvey, after obtaining positive information as to the position and strength of the invading army, proposed to General Vincent to make a night attack on them, to which he con-

Have you considered giving A. G. BAIN a trial order?

sented. At half past eleven on the evening of June 5th, Colonel Harvey started with about 750 men.

They marched down what is now York street and Main street. It was a very dark night and they marched in perfect order and in silence. When they reached the Red Hill they met the late Peter Gage (then a boy), driving home his father's sheep to hide them, as the American army had already used James Gage's fences for firewood and helped themselves liberally to his produce and stock. Peter Gage, who was no relation to James Gage, said Colonel Harvey stopped him to inquire about the road to Stoney Creek, and he told him of the ravine running nearly parallel with the road. The British marched through the ravine which brought them out near the enemy's camp.

A British scout saw a sentry standing by a tree and advanced towards him. When the sentry challenged him he said "a friend," and walking up drove his bayonet through his heart, pinning him so tight to the tree he had to wrench his musket off to regain it. Next morning the sentry was found standing against the tree as if alive. Colonel Harvey ordered his men to charge and they first seized the arms, which were stacked between the camp and the creek. This created a panic as the men were without arms, and their officers being across the wood were not there to rally them, and there was a general stampede. One of the officers after wandering about the woods all night surrendered to a farmer next morning, who found him sitting on a log about where the pumping house of the Hamilton Water Works now stands. James Gage had been held as a prisoner and was guarded in the corner of a rail fence near the officer's tents. As soon as the fighting began his guard left him and he hurried to the house with balls flying all around him, anxious for the safety of his wife and children. When he arrived they were carrying in the wounded to be attended to. Mrs. Gage tore up all her sheets and tablecloths to make bandages. There have been various accounts given of the means by which Colonel Harvey obtained his information. Peter Van Wagner, who was twelve years old at the time of the battle, is authority for the statement that Peter Corman was taken prisoner by the detachment stationed at Stoney Creek, and questioned as to the position of Vincent's men. He "taffied up" the soldiers who had him in charge and they let him go, giving him the countersign to enable him to get home. He gave it to the British scout, William Green, who at once reported to Colonel Harvey all the information he had received from Corman. The surprise was so complete, Harvey scored a signal victory. Generals Winder and Chandler with over 100 officers and men were taken prisoners. The loss of the British was twenty-three killed, 136 wounded, fifty-five missing. And the great value of the victory was the driving away of a formidable enemy who retreated to Fort George and sent the bulk of their

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baggage across to Fort Niagara. It is now considered one of the most important movements of that war.

Mr. Alex. G. Turnbull is the possessor of many valuable and rare old books, and he kindly loaned me "Military and Naval Letters," which contains the most important letters furnished to the United States Government from June 1st, 1812, to the latter part of 1815. Only a few copies were printed and so far as known only three are in existence now. From it I copy the following letters, which give the American account of the battle:

"FORT GEORGE, June 6th, 1813.

"SIR,—I have received an express from the head of the lake this evening with the intelligence that our troops were attacked at 2 o'clock this morning by the whole British force and Indians, and by some strange fatality, though our loss was small and the enemy was completely routed and driven from the field, both brigadier-generals, Chandler and Winder, were taken prisoners. They had advanced to ascertain the situation of a company of artillery where the attack commenced. General Chandler had his horse shot under him, and was bruised by the fall. General Vincent, their commander, is supposed to have been killed. Colonel Clark was mortally wounded and fell into our hands, with sixty prisoners of the 49th. The command devolved on Colonel Burns, who has retired to the Forty Mile Creek. If either of the general officers had remained in command, the enemy would have been pursued and cut up, or if Colonel Burns had been an officer of infantry. The loss of the enemy in killed, wounded and prisoners must exceed two hundred and fifty. The enemy sent in a flag next morning with a request to bury their dead. Generals Lewis and Boyd set off immediately to join the advanced army. I never so severely felt the want of health as at present, at a time when my services might be most useful. I hope General Hamilton will report here as soon as possible.

"I have the honor to be, etc.,

"HON. JOHN ARMSTRONG."

"H. DEARBORN."

"NIAGARA, June 14th, 1813.

"SIR,—You will perceive by enclosed copy of orders marked I, that General Dearborn, from indisposition, has resigned his command, not only of the Niagara army, but of the district. I have doubts whether he will ever again be fit for service. He has been repeatedly in a state of convalescence, but relapses on the least agitation of mind. In my last I mentioned the unfortunate circumstance of the capture of our two brigadier-generals, Chandler and Winder, and the particulars are detailed in the report of Colonel Burns, which he

gives from the best information he could collect. His corps lay a considerable distance from the scene of active operations, as you would perceive by the enclosed diagram, which is on a scale of about one hundred yards in the inch. The light corps spoken of were Captains Hindman and Nicholas's, and Briddle's company of the 2nd artillery, serving as infantry. These three gentlemen and Captains Archer and Towson, of the same regiment, and Leonard, of the light artillery, are soldiers who would honor any service. Their gallantry, and that of their companies, was equally conspicuous on this occasion as in the affair of the 27th ultimo. A view of General Chandler's encampment will be sufficient to show that his disaster was owing to its arrangements. Its centre being the weakest point, and that being discovered by the enemy in the evening, received the combined attack of the whole force, and his line was completely cut. The gallantry of the 5th, 25th, and part of the 23rd and light troops, saved the army. Of the 5th it is said, when day broke, not a man was missing, and that a part of the 23rd, under Major Armstrong, was found sustaining its left flank. Their fire was irresistible, and the enemy was compelled to give way. Could he have been pressed the next morning his destruction was inevitable. He was dispersed in every direction, and even his commanding general was missing without his hat or horse. I understand he was found the next morning almost famished, at a distance of four miles from the scene of action. (The writer's father was told by an old farmer that he found General Vincent sitting on a log, about where the pumping-house of the Hamilton waterworks stands, down on the beach).

" Lieutenant McChesney's gallantry recovered a piece of artillery and prevented the capture of others. He merits promotion for it. On the evening of the 6th of June I received the order No. 4, and joined the army at five in the afternoon of the 7th. I found it at the Forty Mile Creek, ten miles in the rear of the ground on which it had been attacked, encamped on a plain of a mile in width, with its right flank on the lake, and its left on the Creek which skirts the base of a perpendicular mountain of a considerable height. On my route I received Nos. 5 and 6 enclosed. At six in the evening the hostile fleet hove in sight, though its character could not be ascertained with precision. We lay on our arms all night. At dawn of day struck our tents and descried the hostile squadron abreast of us, about a mile from the shore. Our boats which transported the principal part of our baggage, and camp equipage, lay on the beach. It was a dead calm, and about six the enemy towed in a large schooner, which opened her fire on our boats. As soon as she stood for the shore, her object being evident, I ordered down Archer's and Townson's companies, with four pieces of artillery, to resist her attempts, I, at the same time, sent Captain Tottens, of the engineers (a most valuable officer) to construct a temporary furnace for heating shot, which was prepared and in operation in less than fifteen minutes. Her fire

was returned, with a vivacity and effect (excelled by no artillery in the universe) which soon compelled her to retire. A party of savages now made their appearance on the brow of the mountain (which being perfectly bald, exhibited them to our view) and commenced a fire on our camp. I ordered Colonel Christie to dislodge them, who entered on the service with alacrity, but found himself anticipated by Lieutenant Eldridge, the adjutant of his regiment, who, with a promptness of gallantry highly honorable to that young officer, had already gained the summit of the mountain with a party of volunteers and routed the barbarian allies of the defender of the christian faith. This young man merits the notice of government.

"These little affairs cost us not a man. Sir James Yeo, being disappointed of a tragedy, next determined, in true dramatic style, to amuse us with a farce. An officer, with a flag, was sent to me from his ship, advising me, that as I was invested with savages in my rear, a fleet in my front, and a powerful army on my flank, he, and the officers commanding his Britannic Majesty's land forces, thought it a duty to demand a surrender of my army. I answered, that the message was too ridiculous to merit a reply.

"No. 7 was delivered to me about six this morning. Between seven and eight o'clock the four waggons we had been loading, first with the sick and next with the ammunition, etc., the residue of camp equipage and baggage was put in boats, and a detachment of two hundred men of the 6th regiment detailed to proceed in them. Orders were prepared to be given them to defend the boats, and if assailed by any of the enemy's small vessels to carry them by boarding. By some irregularity, which I have not been able to discover, the boats put off without the detachments, induced probably by the stillness of the morning. When they had progressed about three miles a breeze sprang up, and an armed schooner overhauled them, and those who were enterprising kept on and escaped, others ran to the shore and deserted their boats; we lost twelve of the number, principally containing the baggage of the officers and men.

"At ten I put the army in motion on our return to this place. The savages and incorporated militia hung on our flanks and was throughout the march, and picked up a few stragglers. On our retiring the British army advanced, and now occupy the ground we left. The enemy's fleet is constantly hovering on our coast, and interrupting our supplies.

"The night before last, being advised of their having chased into Eighteen Mile Creek two vessels laden with hospital stores, etc., I detached at midnight seventy-five men for their protection. The report of the day is (though not official) that they arrived too late for their purpose, and that the stores were lost.

"I have the honor to be, etc.,

"MORGAN LEWIS.

"HONORABLE JOHN ARMSTRONG,
"Secretary of War."

Report of killed, wounded and missing, in the action of 6th of June, at Stoney Creek :

Killed	17
Wounded	38
Missing	99
Total	154

" MONTREAL, June 18th, 1813.

" SIR,—I deem it my duty to embrace the earliest opportunity possible to give you a more detailed account of the affair of the 6th inst., near Stoney Creek, than I have before had it in my power to do. On the morning of the 5th I arrived at Forty Mile Creek. The detachment under General Winder was then under marching orders for Stoney Creek. After a short halt the whole marched for that place, arrived there between five and six o'clock, p. m., at which place a small picket of the enemy was posted, but retired on our approach. The advanced guard pursued, and soon fell in with a picket of about one hundred strong, under Colonel Williams. A skirmish ensued. I hastened to the main body. Williams retreated and our advance pursued. The pursuit continued rather longer than I could have wished, but returned to that former line of march not far from sunset. I had ordered the 13th and 14th, who were in the rear, to take a position for the night, near the mouth of the creek, to cover the boats (should they arrive), which would be on the route which I intended to pursue the next morning; and a favorable position presenting itself, I encamped with the residue of the troops (except Captain Archer's company of artillery, which encamped with the 13th and 14th) on the spot where we halted with an advanced picket, from half to three-quarters of a mile in front, with express orders for them to keep out constantly a patrol. A right and left flank guard, and a rear guard were also posted. I gave positive orders for the troops to lay on their arms. Contrary to my orders fires were kindled; but there are doubts whether this operated for or against us, as the fires of the 25th, which were in front, and by my order had been abandoned, enabled us to see a small part of the enemy; while the fires on our left enabled the enemy to see our line. On the whole, I think it operated against us. I did expect the enemy would attack us that night if he intended to fight, but perhaps this was not expected by all. I had my horse confined near me, and directed that the harness should not be taken from the artillery horses. I directed how and where the line should be formed in case of attack. About an hour before daylight on the 6th, an alarm was given. I was instantly up, and the 25th, which lay near me, was almost as instantly formed, as well as the 5th and 23rd, which were on the left, under the immediate eye of General Winder. Owing to the neglect of the front picket,

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or some other cause, the British forces say they were not hailed, or an alarm given, until they were within five hundred yards of our line. The extreme darkness prevented us from seeing or knowing at what point they intended to attack us, until an attack was made upon our right. A well-directed fire was opened upon them from the 25th, and from nearly the whole line. After a few minutes I heard several muskets in our rear, in the direction of the rear guard, and then expected that the enemy had gained our rear by some path unknown to us, and was about to attack us in the rear. I instantly ordered Colonel Milton, with the 5th, to form in our rear near the woods, to meet such circumstances as might take place, knowing that I could call him to any other point if necessary, at any moment. I had observed that the artillery was not covered, and directed General Winder to cause the 23rd to be formed so far to the right that their right should cover the artillery. At this moment I heard a new burst of fire from the enemy's left, on our right, and not able to see anything which took place, I set out at full speed towards the right to take measures to prevent my right flank from being turned, which, I expected, was the object of the enemy. I had proceeded but a few yards when my horse fell under me, by which fall I received a serious injury. Here was a time when I have no recollection of what passed, but I presume it was not long.

As soon as I recovered, I recollected what my object was, and made my way to the right, and gave Major Smith such directions as I thought proper to prevent his right from being turned by surprise. I was then returning toward the centre, and when near the artillery heard men, who, by the noise, appeared to be in confusion, it being the point at which I expected the 23rd to be formed. I expected it was that regiment; I approached them, and as soon as I was near enough I saw a body of men whom I thought to be the 23rd, in the rear of the artillery, broken. I hobbled in amongst them, and began to rally them, and directed them to form. But I soon found my mistake, it was the British 49th, who had pushed forward to the head of their columns, and gained the rear of the artillery. I was immediately disarmed, and conveyed down the column to its rear. It was not yet day, and the extreme darkness of the night, to which was added the smoke of the fire, put it totally out of our power to see the situation of the enemy. This was all that saved their columns from sure and total destruction, of which some of their officers are aware. After seeing the situation of the column as I passed I did hope and expect that General Winder, on the first dawn of light, would see that situation, and bring Colonel Milton, with the 5th (whom I had still kept in reserve until I could have daylight to discern their situation) to attack this column, which I am sure he would have done to advantage; but to my mortification I soon learned that he had fallen into the same mistake as myself, and by endeavoring to learn what was taking place in the centre, he was also taken, as well as Major

Vande Venter. To the extreme darkness of the night, the enemy's knowledge of his point of attack, and our not knowing at what point to expect him, must be attributed this partial success, and not to a want of strength or bravery in our troops, who generally behaved remarkably well under all circumstances ; and, however unfortunate the event, as it relates to myself, I only ask that all the circumstances may be taken into consideration in making up your opinion upon the conduct of General Winder and myself in this affair, which I am sure you will do, and I flatter myself you will see no cause of censure. I regret that my decrepid situation, and the rapidity with which we have been brought to this place has put it out of my power to give you a detailed account of the affair earlier. I am now able to walk some with the aid of a cane, and hope I shall continue to recover.

"I have the honor to be, etc.,

"MAJOR-GEN. DEARBORN."

"JOHN CHANDLER,
Brigadier-General.

Since the Women's Wentworth Historical Society has commenced to renovate the old Gage house, many marks of the battle have been found. In one corner of the porch a hole made by a five-pound cannon ball has been found ; and in one of the beams of James Gage's old store a spent cannon ball has been discovered.

James Gage was the grandfather of Mrs. John Calder the energetic president of the Women's Wentworth Historical Society. Some people have disputed the fact of this being the site of the battle, but there is no doubt the thickest of the fight raged in front and around this historic house. Of course over 4000 men would spread over a larger area, but the shot and shells found in and around the Gage house prove that here was the scene of the severe fighting.

The late Daniel Dewey, who died in 1887 at the age of ninety years, came to Canada from the United States in 1818, five years after the battle. In coming from Niagara to Hamilton he stopped to examine the battle field. His children have often heard him describe the place as it was then. He found bullets and bullet holes in the Gage house and also in the trees and fences, and said the house and surroundings plainly showed the effects of a severe fight, and no other house in the vicinity showed any marks of the struggle.

A gentleman, now living in Toronto, who used to visit the Gage farm when a boy described to the writer a very large chest which

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stood on the verandah and was used to store the heavy blankets and bedding in summer. After the battle it was found to be riddled with bullets, many of them being found lodged in the bedding.

In answer to a letter of inquiry Peter Van Wagner, who is now 81 years old, sent me the following, which he kindly allows me to publish.

REMINISCENCES OF THE BATTLE OF STONEY CREEK.

BY PETER VAN WAGNER.

THE little I may say concerning the battle of Stoney Creek shall be traditional, culled from accounts given by participants in the conflict, and from others who came upon the field early in the morning following the battle. These people have long since gone into the shadows of the past ; "No one left to tell the tale," except by hearsay—which when confirmed by a number of witnesses is quite as reliable as official accounts given to press home certain points necessary to account for certain results. In this instance let us compare traditional with official representations.

By the official we are led to think 4,000 Americans were encamped at Stoney Creek on the night of June 5th and 6th, 1813, that 700 British troops attacked them while they slumbered, that General Vincent was in command at the time, etc., etc. Tradition says 500 British attacked (200 being present as a reserve) 3,000 Americans bivouacked there, that 800 Americans before reaching the site of the coming struggle were detached from the main body and marched to Burlington Beach to cut off Vincent's retreat from the Heights, in the direction of Kingston, his only place of refuge in case of defeat the following day ; that Vincent was not in command at Stoney Creek—that he was exhausted by hardship and anxiety and had stimulated too freely that night—and strayed into the bush at the Big Creek from his men, and was found next morning, minus cap and sword, by a resident named McDougal, who lived half a mile from the line of march.

At the battle of Stoney Creek Col. Harvey was in immediate command, guided by the valiant scout William Green (to whose unmarked grave on the plateau above the battlefield his spirit may return and witness the flow of the now tiny rivulet where once it directed the flow of the torrent—vide Stoney Creek Battle monument bubble).

Green's descendants may not thank me for alluding to the subject, but I am told by them that their grandfather in his old age received from the Government the munificent pension of \$20.00 a year in recognition of his indispensable services at this famous battle.

But this is not answering your enquiry. You are correct in locating the American headquarters in the James Gage house. Gen. Chandler was captured there and General Winder at the field guns in the road, a little to the east of being in front of the house, by a small British force which had flanked the American right wing and had come up in their rear, thereby preventing the discharge of two of the enemy's field guns, which would have dealt out certain defeat to the British.

Mrs. Daniel Lewis, nee Betsey (William) Gage, told me that she kept her bed during the battle, which began about 2 o'clock a. m. and lasted less than half an hour. When she arose she became aware of her narrow escape. A musket ball had entered the house and was embedded in the wall a foot above where her head had rested. She said nothing about the house being disturbed otherwise. The blood story of which you write probably comes up in this wise : When the American advance, early in the afternoon, reached the Big Creek hill a British piquet posted there fired on them, killing one and mortally wounding another.

They were carried into William Davis' house and laid on the floor, over which much blood flowed. Soon an American ambulance arrived, into which the dead and the wounded soldiers were placed, the surgeon in the meantime swearing vigorously at his men, saying "Get away directly or we will all be murdered by the Indians." Then all beat a hasty retreat. Mrs. Davis mopped the blood off the floor into a tub which she placed outside, near the door. When the British came in the early morning, and in the darkness, and parched with thirst they unwittingly drank of this tub of water. This gave rise to the stupid story that the British, like cannibals, knowingly drank Yankee blood. Herein probably lies the changed story which has flown over to the William Gage house, a mile away. That 4,000 men camped on William Gage's dooryard is simply an absurdity ; 3,000 men would scarcely have room enough by taking in all the cleared portions of both the Gage farms.

The Americans lay in a semicircle opening to the west, the position being well chosen. Their left, centre and headquarters rested on Jas. Gage's side of the wood. The right wing and perhaps part of the centre on the north or William Gage's side of the road ; also in front of the right wing lay 500 men in the William Gage or Lewis lane—they who ran away on the approach of the British, leaving their knapsacks behind them.

I was born near, and went to school on, the battlefield only eleven years after the battle was fought, when single graves and mounds were quite fresh, and bullets, bayonets and buckles, brass ornaments and decaying straps turned up by the plow were gathered and battle tales ad infinitum were in order.

Respectfully,

P. S. Van Wagner,
Ex-Sergt. 3rd Gore Regt. 1837-38.

HANS.

LITERATURE AND ART IN CANADA.

BY SIR JOHN BOURINOT, K. C. M. G; LL. D; LIT. D.

THE five and twenty millions of people who own Canada from the Atlantic to the Pacific are displaying a mental activity commensurate with the expansion of territory and accumulation of wealth. If it were possible within the compass of this paper to give a complete list of the many histories, poems, essays and pamphlets that have appeared from the Canadian press during the thirty years that the Dominion has been in existence, the number would astonish those persons who have not followed its intellectual progress. In fact all the scientific, historical and political contributions of three decades, whether good, bad or indifferent in character, make up quite a pretentious library, which shows the growth of what may be called Canadian literature, since it deals chiefly with subjects essentially of Canadian interest. The attention that is now devoted to the study and writing of history, and the collections of historical documents relating to the Dominion, proves clearly the national or thoroughly Canadian spirit that is already animating the educated and cultured class of its people.

Previous to the confederation of 1867, the only histories of undoubted merit were those of the French Canadians, Garneau and Ferland.

Of the many others published since 1867, which take up so much space on my shelves, only two require special mention. One of these is a history of the days of Montcalm and Levis, the two most distinguished figures in the closing days of the French regime in Canada. This work is written by the Abbe Casgrain, who illustrates the studious and literary character of the professors of that great University which bears the name of the first Bishop of Canada, Monseigneur Laval.

A more pretentious general history of Canada in ten octavo volumes, is that by an English Canadian, whose life closed with his book.

A good estimate of the progress of literary culture in Canada, can be formed from a careful perusal of the poems of Bliss Carman, Archibald Lampman, Prof. Roberts, Wilfred Campbell, Duncan Campbell Scott, Frederick Geo. Scott, whose poetic efforts frequently appear in the leading American and Canadian Magazines, and more rarely in English periodicals.

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But if Canada can point to some creditable achievements of recent years in history, poetry and essay writing, for I think if one looks from time to time at the reading of magazines and reviews of the two continents he will find that Canada is fairly well represented in their pages, there is one respect in which Canadians had never won any success until Mr. Gilbert Parker appeared, and that is in the word of romance.

Canada has only one Sam Slick, that strong, original character. That imagination and humor have some existence in the Canadian mind we can well believe when we read "The Dodge Club Abroad," by Prof. de Mille; "A Social Departure," by Sarah Jeanette Duncan. On the whole there have been enough good poems, essays and histories published in Canada for the last four or five decades by native Canadians, men and women born and educated in Canada, to prove that there has been a steady intellectual growth on the part of her people; and that it has kept pace at all events with the mental growth in the pulpit or in the Legislative halls, where of late years a keen, practical debating style has taken the place of the more historical and studied oratory of old times. The intellectual faculties of Canadians require only larger opportunities for their exercise to bring forth a rich fruition.

The Chicago Exposition of 1893 was a revelation to the foreign world—and probably to many Canadians—not to say Englishmen, that there was in Canada artistic performance of no mean order. Where Canadian artists generally fail is in individuality of expression and general excellence from a technical point of view, especially in the thorough knowledge of construction in both figures and landscapes. The tendency to be imitative rather than native is also too obvious a fault of a new country, still under the influence of colonial dependence. Still despite these inherent defects, there is much good work done. The establishment of a Canadian Academy of Art by Princess Louise and of other such associations, has done a good deal to stimulate a taste for art, although the public encouragement of native artists is still very inadequate when we consider the excellence already attained under great difficulties in a relatively new country, where the mass of the people has yet to be educated to the necessity and advantages of high artistic effort.

(Note—Sir John Bourinot has written a most valuable and interesting history of Canada, "The Story of Canada," published in the "Story of the Nations" series.—EDITOR).

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ANNABELLA WENTWORTH.

BY H. F. GARDINER.

THOUGH this lady's Christian name is given as above in "Debrett's Baronetage" (1840), page 576, which ought to be a good authority, it is noticeable that the various Canadian writers of history, who mention her, call her Arabella, Isabella or Bella. Thus Dr. Canniff, in his "Settlement of Upper Canada" (1869), says, on page 499 :

"The naming of Belleville took place in 1816. There met one evening at Mrs. Simpson's tavern Captain McMichael, the two McNabbs, Wallbridge, R. Leavens and S. Nicholson. These gentlemen determined to invite Lieutenant-Governor Gore to name the surveyed town. The request was complied with by calling it after his wife Bella." The Kingston Gazette of September 27th, 1816, said : "We were under the impression, from the very pleasant situation of that town, that its name was derived from the French ; but we have since been informed that it has been given the name of Belleville, in honor of Lady Gore, at the request of the inhabitants." Dr. Canniff adds : "We have it also, on the authority of Mr. Petrie, who could not be ignorant of the facts, that the name is after Lady Bella Gore. It will be observed that the name was originally spelled Bellville, instead of Belleville, as at the present time."

Dr. Scadding, in "Toronto of Old" (1873), page 360, says : "Governor Gore and his lady, Mrs. Arabella Gore, were constant visitors at Pine Grove." Page 361 : "One of the districts of Upper Canada was called after Governor Gore. It was set off, during his regime, from the Home and Niagara Districts. The town of Belleville received its name from Governor Gore. 'Bell,' we are told, was the Governor's familiar abbreviation of his wife's name Arabella."

Mr. D. B. Read, in his "Lieutenant-Governors of Upper Canada and Ontario" (1900), p. 107, says : "Governor Gore's wife's name was Arabella, i. e., her Christian name. The Governor's familiar abbreviation of the name was Belle." Page 67 : "Francis Gore arrived at Quebec in July, 1806, and at York on the 23rd day of August. He was born at Blackheath, in Kent, in 1769. The Gores was a branch of the family of the Earl of Arran. In 1799, Francis

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93 King East.

Gore obtained the rank of major; and in 1803 he married Arabella, sister of Sir Charles Wentworth."

In the Belleville Intelligencer of September 22nd, 1899, appeared an article about an apple tree planted by Mr. John Taylor in 1780, whose daughter, Mrs. Jacob Cronk, gave this information: "It was in Mrs. Cronk's grandmother's house that the residents of the settlement held a meeting and chose the name Belleville for their village. It was named after Lady Gore, whose name was Isabella."

Francis Gore died in 1852. Mrs. Gore died in 1838. He was never knighted, and it is therefore incorrect to describe her as Lady Gore. Nor was she a sister of Sir Charles Wentworth. She was his cousin. Sir Charles Mary Wentworth, the last baronet, was a son of Sir John Wentworth, Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia, who married Frances, daughter of his uncle, Samuel Wentworth, of Boston. Annabella Wentworth, who married Francis Gore, Esq., was the fifth child of Thomas Wentworth, brother of Sir John and son of Mark Hunkyn Wentworth, of Portsmouth, New Hampshire. Annabella's mother was Anne, daughter of John Lasker, of Marblehead, Massachusetts. The date of Annabella's birth is not given in the Baronetage, but her father died in 1768, so that she must have been somewhat older than her husband, who was born in 1769. Her cousin, Sir Charles, was born in 1775, and her uncle, Sir John, died in 1820. These Wentworths were descended from William Wentworth, who emigrated from Yorkshire to Boston, in New England in 1628.

When the Gore District was formed the Lieutenant-Governor named it after himself; and the two new counties composing it were named respectively after his Secretary, William Halton, and his wife's family name, Wentworth. Mrs. Gore's uncle, Sir John Wentworth, was held in high esteem, not only in Nova Scotia, but in Great Britain, for the position he took in the Revolutionary War. The Wentworths of Yorkshire, from whom they were descended, had borne the honor of knighthood for several centuries. From one branch of the family sprung the Sir Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, who was beheaded in 1641; from the other branch came William Wentworth, who emigrated to Boston in 1628.

From these details it will be seen that there is a sort of family relationship between the City of Belleville and the County of Wentworth, one having the Christian (pet) name and the other the (maiden) surname of Mrs. Gore.



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THE STORY OF A U. E. L. EMIGRANT.

BY THOMAS CONANT.

ON October 3rd, 1792, Roger Conant, with his wife and family, and hired man, landed from the flat bottomed scows which ferried them over the Niagara river at Newark. He had made his way from near Boston, Mass., preferring not to fight against Britain.

The Sons of Liberty of New England States, no doubt, committed many lawless and somewhat cruel acts, but my grandfather, the son of Roger, first mentioned, said most unmistakably to his children, so I get the family tradition, pure and undefiled, that those persons in New England during the Revolution who were harshly treated by the Sons of Liberty, always by their conduct, or loud talk, drew down upon their heads the ire of these Sons.

Roger Conant left the record that he never suffered the least ill usage from their hands. But it is a fact nevertheless that he voluntarily came away, and all he could or did bring with him, of the 13,000 acres which he possessed in Massachusetts, was the title deeds, made long before the war broke out in 1776, and which I, as the descendant, have this day. That is to say, neither I nor any other member of the family—the Conant family is a small family—ever got one cent for these lands.

It is asserted, and I think true, that the Congress of the United States would have paid for the properties sequestered, as was those of my great grandfather. And I have looked into this very carefully, and naturally so, because so vitally interested, and my deliberate judgment is, that Congress was disposed to pay for such properties, as far as it was able, to its credit be it said.

But Dr. Benjamin Franklin, who was one of the U. S. Commissioners in Britain for settling these matters, flatly refused, and would not pay one halfpenny for any properties of emigrants, even though the States and Congress were then in possession of these properties.

We, of course, all know that Britain did all she could to compensate such persons. The commissioners from Canada were ap-

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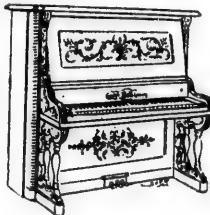
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pointed, and claims asked for. Information, however, travelled slowly in those days, and it seems not to have come to the ears of my grand sire, and so he and I lost the heritage which a prince might justly be proud of.

"Whose stock is this," said Governor Simcoe, at Newark, on that glorious autumn day of October 5th, 1792, "and where are you going?"

Now Gov. Simcoe has just been, some two weeks previously, sworn in as Governor, and my grandsire was the first to arrive at the capital from the United States since the Governor took charge.

At that day there were only 9000 white persons in all Upper Canada—1792.

It was duly explained to Governor Simcoe that Roger Conant came from about Boston, Mass., to live in Canada, and that he would proceed along the north shore of Lake Ontario to find marsh where grass grew that he might cut it for his cattle and horses.

All else but marsh was wilderness you realize, and of course no grass grew upon such lands shaded by forest trees.

In his anxiety the Governor wished by grand sire to go to Lake Simcoe and settle there, for it seems the Governor wanted a settlement of repute to be formed at Holland Landing even in that early day.

The emigrant Conant refused flatly to leave the shores of Lake Ontario. At this stage the Governor remarked that the lands the emigrant and refugee would probably take were not then surveyed, and he further remarked, "you blaze the tract you are likely to want and I will see when the surveys are made that it is granted to you."

And he sent his aide on horse back to pilot the passage across the outlets of the streams into Lake Ontario, nearly as far as the present site of Hamilton, for you well know that they had no road and had to follow the shore and ford the streams.

On eastward to York, then a collection of Indian wigwams, but of no value, of course, because they couldn't cut any marsh grass there.

Over the Don by the help of Indian canoes, hired for the purpose, for the Don was deep then as now.

Still eastward, and eastward to a small marsh and Beaver Meadow, between Post Oshawa and Port Darlington (Bowmanville), and a halt, for here's grass in abundance.

Then the home life begins. Houses and stables erected, being comfortable buildings for man and beast before the inclement season;

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grass in abundance, cured and stored ; and salmon by the hundred weight, dried, smoked and salted, from the stream running by the house door.

The winter of 793 is upon them, and he thinks of Governor Simcoe's words, to blaze his tract. With his hired man he proceeds to do so, but you must not forget that the blazes must need be in line to be effective. Consequently much timber in that dense forest had to be cut away even to get straight lines and sights for blazes.

Blazing even was hard work, and so difficult that no one was likely to blaze more of an enclosure than he is sure immediately to want. Result, my grandson blazed 1,600 acres and desisted.

Governor Simcoe, true to his word, had the grants confirmed afterwards. And now to-day, in this year of grace 1900, I ask in all fairness only, did not my forefather blaze the boundaries of the Township of Darlington, County of Durham, in which his house was, and to which he was justly entitled from his losses for loyalty in Massachusetts, and that I, his descendant, could inherit my just deserts ?

You will, however, kindly understand that I find no sort of fault with the Government of the United States (Massachusetts in particular, for it kept the lands) which were sequestered. My candid conviction is that they fought and fairly earned them and had a just right to keep them. Fought indeed the greatest nation on earth, when their necks were in peril of the hangman's rope should they fail, and they deserve the properties which they expropriated or sequestered.

Oshawa, April 3, 1900,

THOS. CONANT.

THE BENEDICTION OF SPRING.

The green of spring lies soft on wood and field.
In cow slip bells I hear the hum of bees,
And sighs of sweet contentment 'mong the trees,
The babbling laugh of brook but late revealed,
The shrill sharp peep of newts in pond concealed,
And ploughman guiding horse with many "gees,"
The vesper songs of birds—love's melodies,
As day sinks down behind a golden shield.
Then in the twilight dim, from distant pine,
Flute-like and clear the benediction rings
From tiny "white throat" as on branch it swings,
Sweet—sweet Canada—Canada ! Divine,
God's ways our hearts to love of land incline.
How full they beat in our Canadian springs.

—G. M FAIRCHILD, JR.



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Dundas—or where it now is—was originally called the “King's Landing Place.” Kingston was then the seat of government, and a military road was built from it up to and through Toronto, and west through Peel and Halton up into Wentworth a short distance west of Waterdown, where it was found that the road was going away from the waterway and a detour was made to a spot on the creek which ran through the valley. This was the head of water communication and from this point the survey continued westward to London and on to Detroit. The road from Kingston was called Dundas street and from Dundas west was known as the Governor's road—the name which it still goes by. The connecting part was called the York road.

Goods and military supplies were shipped from Kingston and other eastern ports, and the King's Landing Place was the earliest point for the western part of Upper Canada. After being called by that name for a few years it got the name of “Coote's Paradise.” Tradition says it was so called after a member of Governor Simcoe's staff named “Coote,” who was fond of hunting, and in this valley wild rice grew in abundance and all manner of wild fowl frequented the place, making it a veritable “Paradise” for the sportsman. On May 1st, 1801, an order for a government survey was made and a plot of sixty acres was laid out which received the name of “Coote's Paradise.”

The first post-office at the head of the lake was established here in 1814 with J. Secord as the postmaster, and the first job printing office was also started here in 1816. A log jail and courthouse were erected here in the early part of the century, or earlier. The jail was used as a military prison in the war of 1812-13. Along the banks of the creek store-houses were erected and goods shipped in and out by flat boats—batteaux or Durham boats as they were called. They plied between this village and Lake Ontario, where merchandise was secured or shipped by large vessels from eastern ports. In these days the trips to eastern ports were quite uncertain as to time, owing to the changeable winds. Before me as I write is a letter from Wm. Lyon McKenzie to Peter Desjardines, in which he says, “I am detained here on account of the Psyche, which is detained by contrary winds betwixt there and Montreal.” The letter is dated July 5th, 1822, and refers also to goods which have come to hand, such as shot, white paint, cotton shirting, putty, red lead, gunpowder, logwood, resin, aquafortis, lath, nails, ropes, twine and cordage, blankets, spades, muslins, tinware, china and stone ware, glassware, tobacco pipes, paper, snuff, 1 puncheon spirits, Holland brandy, silver

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watches, books, cloth, etc., and it goes on to say that "we expect in a few days a very extra assortment of cutlery and hardware from Birmingham and Sheffield. I have heard that the whole of the hardware when shipped weighed ten tons."

On the 29th of December, 1826, a petition was prepared for presentation to the "Hon. Legislative Council of Upper Canada in Provincial Parliament Assembled" asking that the village be made the county town and that a gaol and court house be built. As there appears to have been a struggle between Hamilton and Dundas for the coveted honor, a part of the document will be of local interest. It is in print, showing that at this early date the printing press was being used :

" At a meeting of the inhabitants of the Village of Dundas, convened by public notice, at Geo. Jones's Hotel, the 29th December, 1826, for the purpose of taking into consideration, the condition of the Goal and Court House, and situation of County Town of said district ;

" Manuel Overfield, Esq., one of His Majesty's Justices of the Peace, being unanimously called to the chair, and Joseph Webster, Esq., Secretary, the following resolutions were proposed and carried :

" 1. Resolved, that this meeting look upon it as a matter involving the most essential interests of the district at large, that the County Town should be restored to its original site.

" 2. Resolved, that the want of a Goal and Court House, sufficient for the purposes of the district, is much felt, and the obvious necessity of such buildings, induce the confident hope in this meeting, that the Honorable the Legislature, in taking their petition into consideration, will not overlook the necessity of a grant of money sufficient for the work.

" 3. Resolved, that it appears to this meeting, contracts for erecting a new Goal and Court House, in Hamilton, have been prematurely entered into, without the sanction of the Legislature.

" 4. Resolved, that it appears to this meeting that nature has pointed out this place for the future emporium of the western country, and as most suitable for uniting the waters of Lake Huron with those of Ontario by the Desjardin Canal.

" 5. Resolved, that the petition submitted to the meeting by the Chairman be adopted, and transmitted to both Houses of the Legislature.

" MANUEL OVERFIELD,

" Chairman.

" JOSEPH WEBSTER,

" Secretary."

The petition goes to say that the village of Coote's Paradise was selected by a former Governor in person, that location tickets were granted upon the condition that public buildings would be built, that

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it was much more central than Hamilton, that being at the head of water communication was the best place for shipping the goods of the western districts, and that these advantages, together with its being the main post roads centre, from Niagara, York, Oxford, Long Point, Talbot settlement and the western district, evidently shews to your Honorable House the great advantages resulting to the public from its being established the County Town, as was originally intended by His Majesty's Government of Upper Canada.

I am indebted to T. H. A. Begue, Esq., the well known barrister of Dundas, for this and other documents. One dated Saltfleet, 7th December, 1799, was an agreement by Philip Jones and witnessed by A. Jones to convey a piece of land, five acres, in Saltfleet to Peter Desjardins upon which to build a grist mill, for which Ten Pounds New York Currency was to be the consideration money, and Philip Jones reserved the right to erect a distillery on the grounds adjoining the mill. Another a map of Wellington Square showing the north end of the Beach and the inlet across it where the boats passed through to Hamilton and Dundas.

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NA-GO-SHE-ONONG.*

By J. L. Lewis.

A LEGEND OF WEBSTER'S FALLS.

Before this land of ours was prest
By the all-conquering white man's
tread,
While yet the young and virgin West
Was waiting to be wooed and wed—
Where blue Ontario's western waves
By green and sunny wood and glade
Gambolled and gleamed, there lived
and loved
A lovely Indian maid.

She was the daughter of a chief—
His only child, his joy and pride;
Revenge, and hate, and pain, and grief
Vanished when she was by his side.
And she was loved by all, as all
The good and fair and tender are;
Her many-vowelled Indian name
Meant this: The Evening Star.

In truth, the star of eve ne'er shone
More soft than she, more sweet and
bright,
Beaming upon the earth alone
From out of the threshold of the
night.
The wild free life of wood and hill
In her deep eyes had left its trace;
All beauties of the earth and sky
Were mirrored in her face.

No youth had breathed to her of love;
They watched and worshipped from
afar;
She seemed like something set above
The touch of men, as angels are;
And all her heart, with all its love,
Its mystic yearnings, blind desires,
And passions wild and half-subdued,
Was nature's and her sire's.

But one there was who loved her well—
A mighty brave and hunter he;
Where'er the Red Wolf's hatchet fell
Terror and death were sure to be;
Of man or beast a life went out
Whene'er the Red Wolf's arrow sped,
And thickly in his lodge were hung
The scalps of foemen dead.

He was like some old gnarled tree
In winter, dreaming of its youth;
A silent, smileless man was he,
Strong as the moose, and more un-
couth.

His eyes, deep-caverned, held no light—
Like black and stagnant pools they
seem'd,
Except in time of battle—then
Like funeral-fires they gleam'd.
Her father's friend, he often came
At close of the long summer days,
To hear her sweetly call his name,
To drink her smiles and watch her
ways.

He brought her trophies of the chase—
Bright-plumaged birds, the red deer
fleet,
The richest life of wood and plain—
And laid them at her feet.

Now when the summer's feverous
mouth
Had drunk the balmy breath of
spring,
Up from the dim mysterious south
There came a strange and wondrous
thing—
A great canoe that skimmed the waves
Swift as the darting swallow's flight;
No paddle urged its course—it flew
With wings of snowy white.

And soon they saw the wondrous thing
Lying at rest anear the shore;
Close-folded was each snowy wing,
Like some white bird's when day is
o'er.
Then four pale strangers, each with
face
And mien that spoke of high com-
mand,
Stepped quickly through the shallow
wave,
And came unto the land.

Their dress, their looks, were strange,
and they
Could speak not in the Indian
tongue;
Three were stern warriors, grim and
grey,
But one was fair and tall and young,
Straight as a pine, with sunny hair
That rippled to his shoulders wide,
And clear blue eyes that beamed with
truth,
Courage, and youthful pride.

* Na-go-sha-Onung—Evening Star in the Ojibway language.

Then did the simple natives greet
With friendly awe untouched by fear.
And, hastening, set before them meat,
And fresh fruits of the budding year,
And honey from the hollow tree,
And small birds snared within the
brake,
Sweet nuts, and fish that yestereve
Were sporting in the lake.

So, till the young moon's silver rim
Had grown full-orb'd, there lingered
they;
Then the three warriors, grey and
grim,
Far o'er the water sailed away.
But the fair youth still tarried there,
Forgetful of his friends afar,
Lured by the love and loveliness
Of her, the Evening Star.

Yes, they did love, this youthful pair!
When first her dark eyes dwelt on
him
She seemed to breathe a richer air,
Her senses seemed to reel and swim
In a fierce flood of pained delight,
And yearnings pure but passionate;
Her love burst forth like some rich
flower
Whose glory blossoms late.

And he, the youth—no less loved he.
The maiden's beauty on him stole
Like an entrancing melody,
And steep'd with love his very soul.
Old hopes to him were now as dead—
As stars unto a blind man are;
One light alone remained for him—
The tender Evening Star.

Far inward through the smiling land,
O'er sunny hill, in forest shade,
By winding rivers, hand in hand
The maid and youth together stray-
ed.
All scenes to them were beauteous, yet
They chiefly loved to linger where
The mist-clad cataract's deep voice
Filled all the summer air.

Close to the brink the leafy boughs
Low-bending, made a shady bow'r,
A sweet place, meet for lovers' vows;
And here full many a golden hour
The youth and maid together passed,
Lulled by the cataract's monotone,
And oft their hair was damp with
spray
By freshening breezes blown.

No need had they of uttered speech;
The looks that lurk in lovers' eyes,
And two hearts throbbling each on
each,

Hand-pressures and half-stifled sighs,
Were language sweeter far than
speech;
Yet, many liquid Indian words
She taught him—names of flowers and
trees,
Of insects, beasts and birds.

So passed the summer days away
In one long blissful dream of love
No one did choose to say them nay,
To counsel, caution, or reprove.
The people seemed to notice naught—
Only the grim Red Wolf; and he
Silently vanished—no one knew
Where the Red Wolf might be.

It was an evening calm and still;
The summer winds had ceased to
sigh;
The sun had sunk behind the hill,
And set on fire the western sky.
And the two lovers in their bower,
Like sweet birds safe within the nest,
Sat side by side, hand clasped in hand,
And watched the glowing west.

Sudden, a wild and piercing cry
Arose upon the stifled air;
And, lo! against the crimson sky
They saw the Red Wolf standing
there.
Upon his crest three eagle-plumes
Stood back against the sky's red
glow;
A deadly arrow, wing'd for flight,
Athwart his mighty bow.

A moment on the pair he glared,
Then uttered such a dreadful yell,
The dumb beasts fled, amazed and
scared,
And birds from out their coverts fell.
Then, with a fierce, unhuman laugh,
Sudden his mighty bow he drew,
And full upon its destined course
The fatal arrow flew.

Swift as the lurid lightning's pace,
Straight to its mark the arrow hied,
And, hissing past the maiden's face,
It sank into her lover's side.
Moaning, he fell; then, turning, smiled,
And faintly strove to speak her name,
While, gushing from his stricken side,
The crimson life-blood came.

The maid stood pale and rigid; she
Uttered no cry, and spake no word;
Her large wild eyes gazed tearlessly
Like eyes of a snake-charmed bird.
Stiff-stricken, horror-frozen, dumb,
So stood she for a moment's space;
Then stooped, and rained warm kisses
on
Her lover's pallid face.

Upon his brow the gathering dew,
The fading light within his eye,
His heaving breast, she saw, and
knew

That soon the youth would surely die.
Then stood she up, and sent her voice
Abroad, till all the woodland rang,
And the far hilltops echoed back
The death-chant that she sang.

While yet that weird, unearthly song
The echoes mimicked far around,
Her dusky arms, so lithe and strong,
About the dying youth she wound.
And swiftly bore him from the bower
Close to the rushing water's brim.
"With him," she thought, "I may not
live—
But I can die with him!"

Within her arms still closely clasp'd—
Close as a mother clasps her child—
The maiden's name he faintly gasp'd.
And looked into her face and smiled.
One long, last, parting look she gave,
On his pale lips pressed one long kiss;
Then, heart to heart, with him she
plunged

Prone into the abyss.

When by the people they were found,
Dead on the sharp rocks lay the
pair—
Her arms still closely clasped him
round,
Her hair was mingled with his hair.
They laid the lovers face to face,
Close to the cataract's sounding
shore,
In one deep grave, and there they sleep
In peace—forevermore.

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What ! What ! No bids ! I can't understand it,
The sale's no good, I had best countermand it ;
But wait just a few moments, here comes a brigade,
That they'll go without bidders, I am not afraid.
They're buxom and happy, one can tell by their looks,
They belong to the army of cooking school cooks.

Hold on ! Don't grab ! There's no need to hurry,
You all will get suited. Please do not worry.
I ne'er saw the like of such grabbing and clamor,
Stand back men ! They all must go under the hammer.
You are pulling and hauling right under my eyes,
Such vulgar impatience I can only despise.

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No. 11.

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No. 12.

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